

The Carson City Daily Appeal

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PEACE DAY

Let us halt, for a space in our hurrying,
Let us take time to look up and look out;
Let us refuse for a spell to be worrying;
Let us decline both to question and to doubt.
If one goes caviling,
Hair-splitting, flaw-hunting—ready for strife—
All the best pleasure is missed in the traveling
Onward through life.

Just for today we will put away sorrowing—
Just for today not a tear shall be shed;
Nor will we fear anything, or go borrowing
Pain from the future by profitless dread,
Thought shall go frolicking,
Pleasuring, treasuring everything bright—
Tasting the joy that is found just in rollicking
On through the light.

Just for today the ills that need bettering
All that is good we will mark by red-letting;
Those things alone we are seeking to find.
Things to be sad over,
Pine over, whine over—pass them, I say!
Nothing is noted save what we are glad over—
This is Praise Day.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH NEVADA?

When the population of the state of Nevada went down hill instead of up, the people of this commonwealth asked each other "What's the matter with Nevada?" They let it go at that for the greatest part, while a few of the steadfast papers, always looking for an excuse for the ills of all of us, figured out that the abandonment of mining camps did the trick.

All of the communities registered a complaint when the census returns came in, insisting that the count was wrong and that Nevada got the worst of it; even the larger cities were disappointed in the results, but the matter has been dropped and every so often some eastern or western journal digs up our skeletons and gives them an airing.

As for an analysis, or diagnosis, of the situation it is possible to measure it. In other words, Nevada is anemic in population, in wealth and great progress, and there is both reason and cure for it.

In the first place, no one can drain any constitution of its life blood and yet remain healthy, and that is what has happened to Nevada. In all of her history, since the days of the Comstock, it has been a cause of drainage on the wealth and none given back. There has been no tonic administered to take the place of the drain on her treasure and resources.

Of all the tremendous values taken from the great Comstock none have ever been returned, except possibly the small amount that Clarence Mackay has turned over as a memorial to his father. The Fairs, Floods, Reguas, O'Briens and the rest who skimmed the cream left only the empty veins for the new generation. They never planned a reclamation project; they never offered the state aid in any undertaking; they took the moneys from Nevada and built the Golden Gate. The Newlands properties, all garnered from the Comstock, went to the coast cities, and it is so with them all, even to the Jones and others who basked in the wealth from Nevada in another sunlight.

The same story comes from every camp in Nevada. Candelaria, Austin, Pioche, Aurora, Tuscarora, up to the modern Tonopah. There has been but one man from Tonopah who has tucked any of his wealth back into the state that made him, Wils Brougher. He has holdings in different parts of the state, but every other dollar that came from this new Ophir has endowed the lands in other climates.

George Wingfield is the only representative from the treasure box of Goldfield who has retained confidence in the land that gave him wealth and comfort. In fact, Wingfield is the only one of the hundred or more millionaires this state made, who has helped administer any tonic to the anemic old state of Nevada.

The history of the entire mining game has been one to gouge wealth and leave the empty veins as a heritage.

This sort of history is not a fact in the neighboring states. Utah has waxed fat and prosperous with her mines. Her millionaires have built the modern Jordan. They boast of their wealth in farms and produce, and when a new millionaire is made he adds to the treasure house by home investment. Salt Lake City and Ogden are the proof of the pudding.

Arizona has allowed no such depletion of her treasure. She has put on a bullion and surtax that prevented this. She has builded many reclamation projects with the returns from her mines. Her millionaires have given, not taken from the life blood of the commonwealth.

Idaho made no such mistake. Her mines are operated by home people and the money goes into the development of the agricultural state. Even Montana boasts of her millionaires who have stuck to the land that made them. Nevada alone has allowed the depletion of her treasure for the enrichment of the lands beyond her border.

Sucking of blood is not alone confined to the mining interests, as the stock raising game has been well on the par. Take practically all of the men or estates making fortunes in Nevada from her free ranges and low taxes, and hunt their addresses. San Francisco, Los Angeles, New York and one or two in Europe, when not in the divorce courts, and so on down the line. There is no record of this industry coming back with irrigation schemes, with settlement plans, with the offer or inducement to better conditions; on the contrary, every dollar that the state gets is positively wrested from them, as between tax suits and inheritance fights the profits are split before they get into the coffers.

There is one exception in agriculture as in mining, that is the Dangberg estate of Carson valley. They have taken the great wealth left by a provident father and turned it to a settlement, one of the most modern up-to-the-minute cities in the entire west. It is the one monument of industry in the whole of Nevada; think of it, the solitary example of the billions that have poured down the horn of Cornucopia.

The cure for the anemia of Nevada is just what has happened in this Carson valley town. Take the wealth that is coming from Nevada today and apply it to any of the hundred valleys in this state and a new life blood will flow into its flabby arteries. As long as the blood is pumped out and no effort made to fill the veins, just so long will Nevada be a laggard in population.

None of this is pleasant thought, but take Ely, for instance. In

a few years it will be a memory; Tonopah, sooner or later, is destined to be a ghost camp; Goldfield is dropping into decay; Virginia City is a heartache to those who knew its greatness. Most of the other camps, which gave so generously, are but memories, with a rehabilitation dream always recounted by the left-overs.

If the forthcoming legislature will go over the records and plan for the future, there will be exacted from the mines that which Arizona takes, enough to replace the blood that is leached and lanced by the operators. Unless such is done don't look for any increase in population or enlargement of industry in the next ten years. Think it over.

THANKSGIVING ON ARMISTICE DAY?

The suggestion that the observance of Thanksgiving and the celebration of Armistice Day be combined and the two holidays merged into one national festival on November 11th has gained a degree of popularity which warrants a serious discussion of the proposal.

To detract in any particular from the prestige of Thanksgiving may appear disrespectful to New England traditions. But in fact Thanksgiving was long a moveable feast. Originating on a Fast Day, which turned out to be a day of rejoicing, the date of its observance "after harvest" was variously fixed by the governors of the New England colonies. During the Revolutionary war a day of national thanksgiving was annually recommended by congress. But it is only since 1864, in Lincoln's administration, that Thanksgiving has been appointed by proclamation of the president, and while it is now fixed for the last Thursday in November, the date is not unchangeable.

Thanksgiving could thus be moved forward a fortnight without violating the proprieties, and what might be lost to the time-honored observance of the holiday would be amply compensated by its observance on a date that ought to be sacred in American history. To do so would insure the adequate commemoration of national ideals in one patriotic festival combining the glories of both holidays, and gaining distinction from each.

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NOTICE

In the First Judicial District Court of the State of Nevada, Ormsby County.

In the Matter of the Estate of Maria Petersen, Sometimes Called Mary Petersen, Deceased.

Notice of Hearing of Petition for Probate of Will

Notice is hereby given, that Tuesday, November 30, 1920, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, at the court room of said court, at the court house, in Carson City, Nevada, have been appointed as the time and place for proving the will of Maria Petersen, sometimes called Mary Petersen, deceased, and for hearing the application of C. H. Peters for the issuance to him of letters testamentary thereon.

DANIEL E. MORTON, Clerk.
By J. W. LEGATE Deputy Clerk.
Chartz & Chartz, Attorneys for Petitioner.
November 20, 1920.

WARREN E. BALDY

Attorney at Law

Office: Carson Valley Bank Bldg

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